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No. 46.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.
BY A. H. G.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
Once to a maid he'll lay his eyes upon,
Once to one thing constant never."
SHAKESPEARE.—"Much Ado About Nothing."

When rivers recline the mountain side,
When Time puts back for a thousand years,
When the moon and the sea refuse the tide—
Shall Love grow sick on a dist of tears.

When the butterfly mourns o'er the dead leaves,
When the corpse is a care to the soul above;
When the world learns to pray for night at eve—
Shall Love be stung with the heat of a moonlight night?

Brood me together from childhood's time,
From the day when I first saw her, and
Each loved other as birds the Prince,
And Love reigned there, and was not coy.

How happy their dream they scarce would know—
Some could they tell why a sigh was bled;
Till now, bringing overworn sweet to her brow—
Gave a glaze for words, and a blush for a kiss.

And their parents smiled as they saw the scene,
And the source of their love ran smooth—
The bright—
And its stream flowed soft as a breeze in the night—
Till he beheld her veiled in the pale moonlight.

How much he left her to win him a name;
How hath he left her to win her a home;
And how her heart hung him with "Ah, would he come!"

His love words soon seem like echoes of love;
Of love, that was first in a rivel's prove;
Ah! who is (afraid), if false he prove;
Or true, if his thoughts true to break?

To the four nights of Winter, and Nature.

Bless with her keeps, all she ate and privies;
Tears see the settled despair of her eyes;
With her mouth her window with withered leaves.

Hark!—say, we shall listen for sighs in vain,
She bears her best treasures out by one;
And, mindful of joys that shall never come—
This instant breaks forth from her heart of stone:

"If to the darkness hails the dead,
On the eve of our nuptials swore he had none;
There about my heart have followed my soul;

A bridgeless lone were an angel's way.

"We're worth only one life and death—
All to my all; but now dare we live
To murder the honor of my soul.

Since her truth and faith no more survive,

"I stand as revealed as an oracle;
He's mine, and young, he backwards turns—
Swearing, 'All faithful, false is he—'
A veil over those loves and true.

"Ah! Parton! making his course to west
With a smile, and a look of a thousand love!
But yet can my heart the 'no' repeat?—
Though well I wept that it be not so."

"And his lessoned hand my vision assists
With a wizard's oil; and palest-mine eye;
And I am bound to him, though I may die.
Though I know him a thief, and his art a lie."

"The soul of the son is at home!"

"The younger, Captain. He is a fast man, and
A Parisian life suits him at the castle."

"There was a young lady at the castle.
I forgot her name—"

"The off-world peasant shall reappear,
With the sun the north, the climate shall change;
Byron's lyrics for this year shall be strong!"

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY.—THE CHAPEL RUINS.

In a somewhat wild part of the coast of England, at least a hundred and fifty miles distant from the nearest town, situated a small town or village, called Daneshield. The land on either side of it rises above and overlooks the sea, higher in some spots than in others, and the descent of the rocks in its various parts is peculiar. There are parts, however, where the slope is so gradually, and in these the bold nature of the rock appears to have softened with time, for grass grows upon the sides, and even wild flowers. In ancient times it was a settlement of the Danes, and there is no doubt that the name, now corrupted into Daneshield, was originally written Danes-Hill.

Outside the village, on the side of the coast, a colony of straggling huts and cottages is built, not quite to the edge of the heights, but some little distance from them; beyond, may be seen some scattered mansions; and again, beyond those, rise the stately walls of Danes Castle, which commands the village being about a mile apart. The castle is long, but not high building; its red bricks dark with age; a tower rises at either end, and a high, square tower stands over the gateway in the middle, from which latter tower a flag may be seen waving, which is the emblem of its chief, Lord Dane, in adjuring at him.

The castle faces the sea, being about a quarter of a mile distant from it, and the grass-land stretches out smooth and

broad and flat between it and the edge of the heights. The high road from the village winds up past the castle gates, and behind it is an inclosed garden. A little farther on, and almost close to the brow of the heights are the ruins of what was once the Chapel of the Knights; its walls stand yet, and the glass is gone, from which the glass has long since gone, are sheltered round with the clustering ivy; traces of its altar, and of its once inscribed gravestones may still be seen inside, but no roof is there, and it is open alike to the calm sky and the tempest. A picture of the scene that old rain presents to the eye in the slanting beams of the setting sun, or in the pale, wistful beauty of a moonlight night.

On the other side of the winding road, opposite the castle, might be seen all the signs of a hamlet, a thatched cottage, a few houses, with here and there a farm-house, surrounded by its substantial rights and barns. And one sunny day in spring, perched upon a gate leading into a clover field, and doing something to a fishing rod, was a young man in the careless attire favored by country gentlemen. He was tall and slender, his features thin and sharp, and his eyes dark, but they had not a very open expression. His velvet-sporting-out was thrown back from his shoulders, for the day was really warm. Hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes, and saw approaching from the direction of the village a middle-aged man, who was the same a gentleman's tailor. The latter lifted his glazed hat from his head as he neared the gate, but whether in courtesy, or whether merely to wipe his brow, which he proceeded to do, was un-

derstanding.

"Is that Dame Castle?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"I thought it must be," was the comment of the tailor, spoken in an undertone. "Perhaps you have no objection to tell me a little of the present history of its inmates," he continued; "I made acquaintance with one of the sons about."

"With all the pleasure in life," carelessly replied the young gentleman, still intent upon his fishing-rod. "The family are at the castle now, Lord and Lady Dane, and one of the sons. Lord Dane, I suppose, that's over."

"He fell from his horse last autumn, hunting, and the spine was injured, paralytic of the spine, I believe they call it. The effect is that the entire use of his lower limbs has left him, and he is now as helpless as a baby."

"It's not to be supposed at all."

"None. Lady Dane retains power in her, though, and in her tongue, too," said the young gentleman, breaking into a whistle. "She rules the roost, now the baron's lady he is."

"The son is at home!"

"The younger, Captain. He is a fast man, and a Parisian life suits him at the castle."

"There was a young lady at the castle. I forgot her name—"

"Adelaide Errol. A wild, Scotch girl. I dare say you may have heard, for that is what she is styled here by the gossips."

"I understand the sailor, with an impulsive countenance, 'nothing less laudatory.'

"The other lifted his eyes from his fishing-rod, and fixed them on his face."

"Then, if you have heard that, I'll wager it was from no other than Harry Dart."

"From William Dane."

"William Henry; it's all one; we dub him Harry here. The old peer is fond of the name of Harry, and rarely calls his son anything else. Geoffrey is the name of the eldest."

"I know. In William to marry Adelaide Errol."

The young gentleman raised his eyebrows.

"People prefer to say so. The captain, gallant son of Mars though he is, has singed his wings in the brightness of her fascination. He—"

"I wish you'd talk plain French, sir; it's terribly interrupted the stranger."

"The other scowled him a prolonged stare.

"Why, what am I talking of?"

"Rhapsody—and I don't understand."

"Is Captain Dane to marry the young lady, or is he not?"

"Randome figures of speech slip by us at times; they convey no meaning, and now, Mr. Sailor, I must wish you good-night."

"I thank you for your courtesy in answering my questions," said the sailor.

"I have answered nothing that you might not hear from any man, woman or child in the dominions of Lord Dane," was the reply. "The politics of the family are not ours to all."

"He always says so; he speaks, with that indolent, gentlemanly languor somewhat common to Englishmen of the upper classes, sauntering towards a group who had appeared in sight, and were approaching the castle."

An invalid-chair, in which reclined a fair-looking old man, whose gray hair was fast turning to white. It was

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old chapel they can shield themselves from the curiosities, and pose about at leisure under cover of its walls."

"They are a couple of treacherous scoundrels," exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird, in a hoarse laugh.

"You English say that all things are fair in love and war. One who needs will exclaim, 'Why does not that Mr. Herbert be off to the wars, or to travel, or to amuse himself as other young men do?' And another says,

"What's this? he doesn't seem fit for school? why will he go abroad and try for a place under government or do something to assist his fortune?"

"And I have said, 'to myself, to have them, and wondered if they did not know it.'

"So here it is true," faltered Adelstade, in amazement. "He is horrible and unscrupulous; and those are the natures that get played upon! He ought to be told: he ought to be enlightened; if nobody else does it, I will."

"My friend," said she, gently, "you just do me a favor by not telling him you know."

Folks will tell you that unscrupulous traits never get thanked. Let them bottle it out for themselves; let things take their course. Captain Dame cannot remain blind long; something or other, right up to him, will turn up to open his eyes, and then he will see through them for himself, and choose between them. But don't you god and break your head against a wall?"

The man-servant was silent. He sat stroking his chin—a habit of his when deep thought.

"Sophie," he presently said, "are you sure you are not mistaken? It does indeed seem that a high-born lady should behave so."

Sophie tanned her hand and laughed at his simplicity.

"As if there were any difference between high-born and low-born in such matters as these! My Lady Adelstade's a dead loss produced by her brother. She has no heart, no nerve, no nerve for harm," added Sophie, emphatically; "she's not the one to run into real harm, but she is as flighty a young fleshy girl as ever ran wild on the beach; her spirits are high, and she's thoughtful and young."

"How came she to be living here?"

"She came here, why, don't you know?" returned Sophie, in her quick, impulsive way. "Her mother, the Cousin of Kirkdale, was Lady Dame's sister. She was a widow, and when she died, Lady Adelstade came here for a home. She had no other; her brother, the young earl, a wild, ham-and-sausage type of a Cousinman, is here to be seen; he is everywhere. Ah! it was a sad position; there she was left motherless and homeless, with barely enough income to supply herself with decent clothes. But for Lady Dame, I don't know what she would have done. She was a good woman, and I have heard, with her, I had been made to the conclusion."

"I thought those well-born young ladies always had some fortune."

"She hadn't. When her father and mother married he was a younger son; as you all know in England, and there were no entitlements made; for a very good reason; because there was nothing to settle. He became the earl afterwards, but he was the poorest man in the Scotch peerage."

"So they are all three cousins!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird.

"What was that?" returned Sophie.

"Lady Adelstade and your master and Her father."

"Lady Adelstade and your master are; but you can't call her cousin to Mr. Herbert. They are—what's your word for it?—connections; nothing more."

Richard Ravensbird made no reply. He was boiling over with indignation at the duplicity practised on his master, to whom he was most attached. Like a man out of placidness in general manner, but capable of being aroused to gusts of fierce passion—and in that respect he and Captain Dame were alike.

"If you don't believe me," cried Sophie, fancying he still incredulous, "go and hide yourself in the ruins to-night, and watch them."

CHAPTER II.

THE QUARREL.—THE LADY'S CHAMBERS.

Whether in compliance with the suggestion of the French maid, or whether in the gratification of his own curiosity, it was that Richard Ravensbird did determine that night to watch the ruins.

His master was dining on board the yacht, and Captain Lester made the fourth at the dinner-table. Lord Dame could sit at table and enjoy his dinner as much as the fall took him; but hands and arms and mouth and speech, no stranger would have suspected that he was held upright through mechanical support, or that his legs, covered up under the table, were powerless. He retained all his mental functions; but he had over been a man of brilliant intellect.

Richard Ravensbird had no service in the dining-room, and when once he had assisted his master to dress for dinner, his evasions were mostly at his own command, to spend as he liked; this evening his movements were entirely unaffected.

The time seemed to drag on with weariness; the sun was beginning to set before the hour, when he expected the lads would be quitting the dinner-table; he put on his hat and went out. He stood for some moments outside the gates and waited, gazing at the scene.

Before him stretched the green tableland; the sea beyond; and, according, however, to the day, he could see either the sun or the moon. He was too low; on the right were the scattered village, and the lights of Dunsdale beyond them, and on the left the most conspicuous point visible was the old ruin. It was a fine calm, moonlight night, and there was something ghostly and weird-looking in the light walls and dark shadows of the ruined castle behind them. He stepped softly over the grass to the left in a silent direction, and soon came to the ruins.

He went inside the door and looked about him—either in the apartment where a door had been. Grass was growing in places; an ancient gravestone or two, odd bits of glass, covered with moss, lay here and there about the base of the door; and, at one end, part of the marble flooring was left still.

"Friends of wisdom and music, and of little pleasure or allure, after the manner peculiar to the Roman Catholic places of worship, might be seen; altogether these old chapel ruins would afford pleasant scenes."

"Oh, Herbert, my dearest, why will

you torment yourself? Don't tell you—have you not rapidly aged since I last saw you? You said that nothing in the earth or above it, shall tear me from you? I will never marry but you. I am obliged to appear to tolerate him; I must give him gracious marks of favor to keep him in good humor, but you know why I do this. I dare not tell my maid suspect that I care for you; I am obliged to think that I shall marry him. We should be separated forever, forever, Herbert."

"Things cannot go on long as they are going on now. He will insist upon an explanation with you. Give it off as you will, it must come."

"And when will he come?" she anxiously replied.

"Let us shew worry to the winds, and leave the future to the future. Some one may have left you a fortune by that time, Herbert," she merrily added.

"Ah, that they would! that I might catch him, and make him pay for his sins."

"Because I cannot contain myself," he answered, with emotion; "I fear I cannot. When I see him paying you the same sum of money, my hands tingled to knock him down."

"I wish he was in that room!" uttered Lady Adelstade.

"Headless words. Spoken not in wickedness, but in her carelessness. I only—Herbert Dame is dead, and, when turned away again, Scandalous gurus said that they sometimes fingered the bones of the deceased, and then, in secret places, when they ought to have done, took their seats under the friendly shelter of the rocks, professed pipes and a substantial black bottle from their pockets, and made themselves comfortable.

The supervisor heard the rumour, and said they had better let him catch them there.

An event had occurred the week before. The man on this particular boat, underneath the chapel, fell asleep, as was supposed, on his post, and the tide overwhelmed him, and carried him out to sea. The body was washed ashore the next day, and a subscription was opened for the widow and children, Lord Dame having handed it with five pounds.

As Ravensbird stood looking down, the preventive-man on duty that night came slowly round the point where the rocks projected, shutting out the view beyond. Ravensbird called to him.

"Is it you? Michael?"

"I am here," he replied. He could not distinguish who was speaking.

"Don't you know my voice, Michael? Take care you don't go to sleep, as poor Biggs did."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ravensbird. No, sir, I'll take care of that. We think it just about in this very spot as he might have got into trouble if he'd tried to do it. We have been talking pretty freely among ourselves since he died, saying the nonsense it is to make us pass this strip of beach. Why in some places it's not a foot broad that we have to wind round; and some of us think he's just likely to have slipped off, and got drowned in that way, as have dropped adown."

"If you can make the supervisor think it's nonsense, and take you off the duty, the smugglers will be obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir. We could be forced to keep the height up there, and keep quite a good look-out. Better, I think; and those we should be out of danger."

"You must be very timorous men to fancy there's danger down there. A child might keep himself from it."

"Being on the watch constant, perhaps; but one gets off safe, if he's lucky."

"Thanks to what you take to warn you on a chilly night," laughed Ravensbird.

"No, indeed, sir, you are out there. We take nothing, and daren't; it would be as much as our places were worth. But when a man goes to the beach, he doesn't care if he can't tell for certain why or why, it puts us up to think that what has happened to him might happen to us. I say, sir, don't you lose over so far; it makes me twitter to see you. You might be took with giddiness."

"I am all right; my brain is strong, and my nerves steady. I like looking down from heights."

"It's more than I do," returned the man. "And that would be a nasty fall. It might take life; and it would be sure to break limbs."

"I don't mind the fall. Good-night, if you are progressing onwards."

The preventive man passed on, and Richard Ravensbird turned back and walked to the chapel again. During his colloquy with the officer he had kept a continual look-out in the direction of the castle, but had seen no signs of any approach. He took his station in the chapel, in one of its gray, dark corners, and, leaning against the wall, he had looked round when he saw someone coming slowly towards him, whom he soon recognised to be Herbert Dame.

"Then Sophie is right!" he muttered.

Mr. Dame came up, whistling, leaned against the iron that trailed round the doorway, and, without touching the road he had, while still, his hood, clasped his hands, and laid her pretty face upon his shoulder. The indignant servant nearly groaned.

"My darling Adelstade!"

"I was quite determined to come to-night; and, see what a lovely night it is! though the sky is overcast, and the moon is not even there now at the dinner-table."

"Is the gallant captain at home?"

"Not he. He is dining on board some yacht that is in the bay. Sophie Lester is dining with us. Herbert, between all my admirers, I think I shall go deranged."

I have pretty trouble to stave off attacks; the squire is growing demonstrative."

She laughed merrily as she spoke, and Herbert Dame held her closer.

"The squire's nobody, Adelstade; he may be kept at arm's length, or summarily dismissed. The one I fear is the dinner-table."

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and call more help. Rydell. And you," he continued, addressing the domestic, "don't go into hysterics, but keep quiet even if you can't keep cool."

"They had gathered around—all but Leo, who was never seen in that house again—terrified, half dead, and viewing, many, many excited sensations.

Colin remained with Mrs. Chawick, endeavoring to soothe and comfort her.

In a short time additional help arrived from the police, and it was resolved to remove the dead and the wounded man at once to the nearest station house.

Henry Elton had been to the design of Cragar in visiting the residence of Mrs. Chawick was never to a certainty known; but the unavoidable and terrible presumption was that he meditated the murder of Colis Burke, both to make it impossible for her to appear against him for the wrong he had already done her, should he be arrested for that, and to do his best for securing himself as the heir of Richard Burke, and thus bring to naught the further blackmailing of Moses Spiker.

The girl Leo was an accomplice of the pawninghouse, and without doubt had given him ingress to the house. The villain had obtained a warrant for another quarter, and unfortunately for himself, at almost the very moment when Cragar was also entering.

When being conveyed to the station house, an examination of the wounds of the surviving man showed that they were mortal. He was informed that he might live a few hours, and, according to the coming, it might be.

The intelligence affected him powerfully. For a long time he lay silent, refusing to answer any questions, and even to give his name.

He was a man of such gentleness, and even aristocratic appearance, that to know the identity of the attempted thief of the low grade, he might be a surprise to every one. Mrs. Chawick had not yet stated that his object was not ordinary robbery. Why may one

wish to possess himself of her marriage certificate was a mystery to her, and trying to find some explanation of it, her brain was painful busy.

Was Adaline De Graff an agent in the other? What could be her object, if any?

These and other questions disturbed the mind of Mrs. Chawick very deeply.

Just after she and Colin had eaten their breakfast, or rather had killed over them, while they discussed the mysterious occurrence of the night, a messenger came in the former, bearing the following communication:

"Will Mrs. Agatha Chawick meet Nelson Chawick at—Hospital, where the man who attempted the robbery of her house last night shall be a concealed?"

"Silence of the word vital importance to herself and Mr. Chawick will be decisive in present case delay."

Signed "E. H. E."
On behalf of H. E."

Mrs. Chawick read this message with pale countenance, and then said that she would go at once to the designated place.

The messenger departed, and, turning to Colin, Mrs. Chawick placed the note in her hand, directed her to read it, and then to prepare to accompany her.

The marriage was ordered, and the two were soon seated in it on their way to the hospital.

Mrs. Chawick was silent during the greater part of the ride.

"I cannot tell you what I feel and fear, Colin," was all she said in relation to the matter that was taking her to the presence of the dying man.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STARTLING CONFession.

When they reached the hospital they found that Nelson Chadwick had already arrived there.

He greeted Mrs. Chawick with a fervor that was evidenced more by look and the warm clasp of his hand than by words.

Wondering earnestness characterized his manner, for he felt that the strange summons he had received meant much to him, though what, he could not guess.

To Colin he was less demonstrative than to Mrs. Chawick, yet the kindling of his face as he beheld her testified to the fact that his heart gave him no peace.

He had already been informed of the occurrence of the night, and briefly but warmly congratulated the ladies on their escape from a possible assassination.

The three were immediately conducted to the apartment adjoining the private room, where the wounded man, on whose account Nelson and Mrs. Chawick had been sent for, lay.

Colin would have drawn back, but Mrs. Chawick insisted upon her entering also.

"What is required of us?" asked Nelson, somewhat impatiently, for he saw that Mrs. Chawick was becoming very painfully excited under the anticipation of what might be disclosed.

"Be frank in this matter, if you like," he responded, in a whisper of their attendant.

"For Mrs. Chawick is not in a condition to endure suspense or great excitement of any kind."

"She may be compelled to listen to painful revelations," said the man, "for the person who has sent for you desires to have a very frank and startling confession made. Let me assure you, however, that you must support yourselves, so that there may be no interruption to it, for the man may die before he finishes. You may rest now."

The door of the two rooms was thrown open, and our friends entered. They were requested to approach the bed of the patient.

The pale, wan-faced face of the sufferer appeared to welcome Mrs. Chawick with a smile of recognition.

"You do not know me?" he said, softly.

She gazed with painful earnestness upon his features, but so lost of recognition came into her eyes.

"Am I imagined?" he said. "Would that you had never known me, Agatha Chawick, for I have brought much sorrow now you."

"Upon me, sir?"

"Aye, Henry Elton, your husband's step-brother, has helped to cloud your life with sorrow."

"And are you Henry Elton?" demanded she, in incredulous surprise.

"I am; and years and evil doing have changed me in face and in heart. I may the penalty of my crimes at last; and in this, my dying hour, will attempt to undo the wickedness I have committed, so far as I may be able, at least."

"Speak, if you have anything to say

that concerns me," she implored. "I recognize you now, Henry Elton. It has been long since I knew you, but now your face I remember, not as that of a friend, but of a foe."

"You speak truly," he replied. "I have done you such wrong as no human being has seldom done another. Prepare yourself for a strange story, but which shall in part bring you joy, I will speak first of your child, Mrs. Chawick."

"My child! And do you know about of her?"

He smiled peculiarly, and glanced from the face of the lady to that of Nelson Chawick.

"Yes," he continued. "But let me begin first, at that period when you became the wife of my brother. You were not a wholly happy bride, Agatha."

She shuddered, for there were sad memories connected with that event.

"Yet it would have been," he resumed, "but for the hate and malice of the woman who wrongfully loved your betrothed."

"Oh, Adaline De Graff!" she said, tremulously.

"Of Adeline Elton, for she was at that time, and is at present my mother."

"Your wife! Adaline De Graff your wife?"

"She had been my wife in secret six months before she met your husband. False to me, and holding me silent by a power of suggestion, she caused me to present that she was free, and endeavored to win from you the heart that was yours. I believe she really loved your husband, but that fact does not excuse her unfaithfulness to me. Marrying me for selfish reasons, she sought not to have complained when the harbormaster had been compelled to take her home."

"Then Adaline was wife to your brother?" he asked. "I never heard of that before."

"She was."

"And she had no right to give him her love, nor to receive his in return?"

"Noo, no, all; you misapprehended her position entirely."

"And—was it really owing to her failure to achieve her object—the winning of the love of my betrothed husband—that she became insane?"

"I know your innocence now," said Henry Elton, "even as God always knew it. In the hereafter will you have no guilt like mine to answer for. Hear me, Adaline, for I have been silent so long, unceasingly, in your city, and in the company of your men—though as yet you know not that it was she—who feared that sooner or later the relationship between you and him would be discovered. To make that relation a bitterness to you, instead of a joy, if it should ever be made known, she would have used every effort of reason, with Herbert Chawick. If the certificates of the marriage could once be obtained—and with that object I visited your chamber—the rest would be easy. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is dead, the witnesses few and unknown, the evidence completely containing the record destroyed, so that you would have found it very hard to prove that you were ever the wife of Herbert Chawick. Adaline was merciless."

"I see the object of her malice," said Mrs. Chawick, sighing deeply as she comprehended this fresh proof of her enemy's intentions. "She would have been a widow, for she was betrothed to the son of a man left her by her husband, and that most grievously. Listen further. Before Adaline, under an assumed name, had become a convicted felon, she laid a most caressing plot against you, both to gratify her hatred of you, and to benefit herself pecuniarily. Your husband lived but a little while after his marriage with you. By the terms of his will he left his entire estate to his son, and that most generously. Listen further. When your husband, his son, a short time ago, was born, she would have been compelled to witness the outrage to myself. Oh! I have been that wicked woman's slave too long! And this is what she has brought me to at last—death, dark death, in the shadow of crime, by her suggestion—and commanded."

"While I, her true husband," said Henry Elton, with a flush of indignation that was dying away, "would have been compelled to witness the outrage to myself. Oh! I have been that wicked woman's slave too long! And this is what she has brought me to at last—death, dark death, in the shadow of crime, by her suggestion—and commanded."

"Can you tell me why it was that my right-hand name of Chawick was given me?" he inquired.

"Because," answered Henry Elton,

"It was thought that there was no danger in permitting you to retain that name, as it was the name of your father, the deceased Herbert Chawick was your father. His only child was supposed to be a daughter. Your sex disguised you completely, therefore we let you take the name that was yours by right of birth."

"And did you follow my fortunes through poverty, wretchedness, and ignominy?" he asked.

"The group around him, broken at length by a question from Nelson Chawick:

"Can you tell me why it was that my right-hand name of Chawick was given me?" he inquired.

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"The group around him, broken at length by a question from Nelson Chawick:

June 22, 1879.]



KATTEED, OR DIDN'T.

BY REV. J. GILLON.

Did you ever lay awake at night and listen to two more terrible stories? One was a true story in your window, going on with their audience's affirmation, and denial! Did you ever ask, Who was Kate? With what offence was she charged? And was she guilty? And not guilty?

Well, if the boys and girls of the Poor will have patience to read the following little story, it will answer these questions.

Once there was a little girl, so the story goes, who lived a long while ago—back in the "golden age," when birds, and animals, and insects, had the gift of speech, or, what is the same thing, when man could understand them as they are, and understand the language of animals—whose right name was Catharine, but was, for brevity, called Kate.

She was a beautiful child, with full round face, with witching dimples in each rosy cheek; and from between her ruby lips she shot two bright beams, white as pearls. Her golden hair fell down in natural ringlets over a neck and shoulders of the most delicate whiteness, while her full, clear, beautiful blue eyes sparkled with a light, and beamed with a love, that always put people in a good humor with themselves. She possessed such a wonderful and pleasing air, as made people forget, what they used to call her Kate Sunshine.

When she had performed her duties, she loved to wander over the fields, and through the green woods, gathering wild flowers; feeding little birds from a stock of seeds and crumbs that she always carried with her for that purpose; or listening to the voices of the birds, and the birds, their sunny songs, luxuriant grunes, and their strange, beautiful flowers. While she would be listening to those stories, the shadow of discontent would sometimes gather on her brow. She would sigh because she had no wings, too. But it was for a moment, and then she was happy again.

At other times she would listen to the singular story of wood crickets, told in her quiet, old fashioned way, one minute filling her with laughter, and the next bringing tears to her eyes.

One day as she was hopping through the fields, she accidentally stepped on a little field-mouse, and crushed it to death. She was very sorry for what had happened, and when she looked on the poor little mangy creature, she could not help weeping. But this, you know, could not restore it to life.

The report soon spread abroad that Kate had accidentally crushed a field-mouse. The insects crept over it, and if one animal met another, the first question after exchanging remarks about the weather, was, "Was not that a horrid murder?" Who would have thought that Katteed could have committed such a dastardly deed?

The sheriff, reaching the ears of the constituted authorities, a warrant was issued for Kate's arrest. When she was brought into court, covered under the spreading branches of a large old oak, she was very much terrified at first, at the sight of such a large assembly of strange animals; but, as she became more familiar with the place, she took the pleasure of looking around, and the first thing that arrested her attention was the court. The presiding judge was the Right Hon. Chief Justice Mustonhead. His cap was immersed in a huge wig, too large by several degrees for the purpose for which it was made, and tightly tied in a double black glove, he presented such an unusual and ridiculous figure that Kate could not help smiling. His associate, on the right, the Hon. Mr. Goat, was dressed in a similar manner, with the addition of a huge pair of green goggles straddled over his nose, which was very evident that Esquire Porker, his other associate, did not feel at his ease in his new costume. From the way he puffed, and the violent manner in which he fanned himself, it was plain to see that, had prudence allowed, he would have cheerfully exchanged his present bonnet for the pleasure of a cool, quiet, and comfortable hat.

We have not time to speak of Mr. Crane, the clerk of the court, with the ends of his blue cravat falling down on his white breast; nor of the host of lawyers, assembled from all parts, either to hear the trial, or to take part in it; nor of the smaller animals who, with a desire of curiosity, had come to speculate, and were watching, or rather chattering on the outside; nor yet of the birds of every feather nestled among the branches, and deeply sympathizing with Kate, for none of them believed her to be guilty.

After Sheriff Mastiff had called the court to order, the judge inquired of Kate, "What did you do?" She modestly replied that she had no counsel. The judge then addressing the lawyers, asked, "Will some member of the bar be good enough to take charge of the defense?" After a moment's silence, Esquire Wolf offered his services, which were accepted.

A jury, selected from the people of the Clouds, sat dressed in a pale green suit, were duly examined and sworn, and then took their position on the body of a fallen tree.

Giving his wig a peculiar twitch, turning it half round on his head, an diverting Esq. Goat that his goggles fell off, the judge said, "The process at the bar will be suspended until the change of which she has been arrested. Mr. Crane, the clerk, then majestically stepped forward a few paces, and in a shrill, croaking voice, jarring on the nerves like the filing of a saw, read the following:

"Kate Sunlight, you are charged with feloniously endeavoring to dash with your feet our worthy citizen, mastiff, with nose, for which you are now to answer to this court. What say you, guilty, or not guilty?" Knowing nothing of the rules of court, and before her counsel had time to speak, Kate, in a clear, distinct voice, loud enough to be heard by all present, responded, "Not guilty."

The proceedings attorney, the Hon. Mr. Fox, then commenced his proceedings by calling to the witness stand, Mr. Hare, foreman of the jury of inquest. He ex-

tified that he, and his fellow jurors, had found the body of Madam Field-mouse, crushed and mangy; but that he could not say whether the dead had been feloniously committed on the part of the prisoner, or whether it was the result of accident.

The principal witness, however, on whom the judgment of the court rested, was a small, thin, emaciated, wizened, bald-headed, old tom-cat, and a thieving old rat. Grimalkin aware that he knew the prisoner at the bar to be an enemy to the whole animal kingdom; and that, as it regarded himself, he had, on several occasions, barely escaped from her claws with his life.

"I wish to inquire of the venerable witness before he takes his seat," said Kate's counsel, "if he has reference to the several occasions in which he was caught in the spring-house feloniously skinning the milk-pans, and from which he was forcibly ejected by sturdy, well-set, blows of a broken handle."

The prosecution objected to this question. A long debate ensued. But appeal being made to the judge, he very learnedly decided that the question was irrelevant, and ordered him to give up the right to show, if he could, that which was given in their testimony, were influenced by ill-will toward the prisoner.

This decision subjected Mr. Fox to a searching cross-examination.

It was dragged out of him that he had been born in the year of our Lord, 1845. His golden hair fell down in natural ringlets over a neck and shoulders of the most delicate whiteness, while her full, clear, beautiful blue eyes sparkled with a light, and beamed with a love, that always put people in a good humor with themselves. She possessed such a wonderful and pleasing air, as made people forget, what they used to call her Kate Sunshine.

In a speech, in which he displayed more cunning than learning, Mr. Fox addressed the jury for over an hour, appealing to their passions by giving an affecting account of the murder, and the misery of the victim. He failed, however, to furnish to the jury the necessary facts, made apparent; and the covering removed from his attempt to save sympathy; and though this exposure was followed by an argument, plain, pointed, and logical, showing that the accused could not have been guilty of the crime which he was then being tried, still it failed to remove all the effects of Mr. Fox's speech.

The judge examined the legal points involved, and turned the case over to the jury. They retired to the branches of a tree, and had been there but a little while, until the sound of a gun, a shot of twelve gauge, was in favor of conviction, and these sung out at the top of their voice, "Ka-to-did." The other six, in favor of acquittal, cried out, if lustily, "Ka-to-didn't."

Not being able to agree, they requested to be discharged. The judge, however, refused to do so, and they would not give up, and so they were forced to remain. Three months every year, beginning with August, and continuing until the nipping frosts of autumn render it uncomfortable to be out at night—are devoted to the controversy. No new evidence is offered, nor any argument advanced; but during the living nights in the woods, and, before the cold season, the cartier is kept hot, "Ka-to-did," "Ka-to-didn't,"

Ever since that time these members of Clouds family have been called Katydids. And when you hear them in future, discussing the question of Kate's guilt or innocence, you will be able to form a correct judgment as to whether she the "did," or whether she "didn't."

A Sermon on Fush.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The first morning he got back to his studio was a long tramp across a high gully, they came upon a disengaged-looking man and a disengaged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up to his home, but, as far as he could see, it was a wall. "Fush!" was the cry.

The man brightness up; the cart turned as fast as rheumatism would let it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to you," said the man, "you young fellows are a great help to us."

As a result of this, the boys got into the house, while two or three big-armed children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for a guide. 'Fush' is just the word for a guide."

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see he don't stand back, just go to him."

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home, or in town, or church, or at school, just help with your might, just pull."

At that instant the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—The affection of the heart is the purest of our nature. Love one another, in your hearts, in all the pursuits of business and walks of life. Love one another purely, deeply, always. Remember it is the eleventh commandment—"Love ye one another."

We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives. We are born with a good will, and a good heart, and a good mind, for which you are now to answer to this court. What say you, guilty, or not guilty?" Knowing nothing of the rules of court, and before her counsel had time to speak, Kate, in a clear, distinct voice, loud enough to be heard by all present, responded, "Not guilty."

The proceedings attorney, the Hon. Mr. Fox, then commenced his proceedings by calling to the witness stand, Mr. Hare, foreman of the jury of inquest. He ex-

ZEELIE'S COURTYARD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
Zeelie sleep up quite unbroken.
An' peeked in through the window,
And spied out Neddy all alone.
A-sleepin' in the corner.
A-quiet as a mouse.

A-quiet as a mouse.
An' awoke me up, and roused me,
An' awoke me up, and roused me.
A-quiet as a mouse.

The wanton lass that sang out
And left me alone all about
The chinny on the dresser.

An' awoke me up, and roused me,
An' awoke me up, and roused me.
A-quiet as a mouse.

The very room, 'pon she was in,
Looked warn from floor to ceiling.
An' she looked full er never agin,
An' awoke me up, and roused me.
A-quiet as a mouse.

The man's arm that cranch'd Young
The wanton lass that sang out
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

June 15, 1878.

Christian Indian, Tom Galloway by name, asserts that he heard the white talk, and that Crawford had made to Girty a sum of money for his life, offering him a thousand dollars if he would; and that Girty promised he would do all he could for him.

This being reported to Pipe and Wigwam only made them more determined on his speedy death.

Girty also told the colored that Major Harrison, his son-in-law, and young William Crawford, his nephew, were prisoners to the Indians, but had been pardoned by them. True as to their masters, but false as to the pardon. The prisoners at the Half King's town, soon after Crawford's departure, were blindfolded and their hands stuck up since. It is certain they were not informed.

Knight and his fellow prisoners meanwhile had been taken on to Old Town, and securely guarded during the night. Next day Pipe and Wigwam approached them, the former with his own hands painting all their faces black, a sign of intended death. Crawford and his party were taken to the two redoubts. Delaware was chief for the first time. They both came forward and greeted him as an old acquaintance. Pipe telling him in his bluntest and easiest manner that he would have him stoned (advised), but at the same time he pointed his hand.

The women were carried for Pompeius's town, the men who kept Knight and Crawford in the rear. They soon had the insatiable horror of seeing, at intervals of a half mile apart, the dead, scalped bodies of four of their fellow prisoners. To add to their horror and dismay, they now diverged off into a trail leading from Pompeius's but directly to Pipe's town. Their very last hope now lay in their feet.

On the little plateau where there was an Indian hunting, they overtook the other five prisoners, and all were ordered to sit on the ground. Here a lot of squaws and children sat on the five prisoners with incredible fury, and once hawked and snatched them all.

But he saw that she observed the heating over of the boat, so the gun-wale was at times level with the water. He then got into the boat, and the spray of the waves started from the bow into the forecastle, with a stolid indifference and unconcern which displayed a most unfeeling absence of fear.

At the same time, it evinced an amount of practical knowledge of the dangers and difficulties by which they were surrounded, than in itself was remarkable. Nevertheless, in the boat he had come to trust his life to a bullet whistled past his head with unfeelinglessness, suggested that they should stand further out to sea so as to avoid the chances of being hit, even if accidentally.

The girl responded with a desire to have him go back to the Indians, notwithstanding his unfeelingness.

Those who contended that Girty was nothing but a wild beast, assert that he never intended or intended to interfere; but he had only consented to Crawford's death, but took a decided interest in witnessing it. Others, having quite as good means of information, strongly assert that he did all he could for Crawford, but that that was not much.

The Delawares were obstinately bent on making the "Big Captain," as they styled Crawford, a victim and an example.

The Indians' main object of many of their trials on the Muskingum had rendered them absolutely unmerciful and pitiless, and it is probable that no one—not even Pompeianus himself—could have saved Crawford. Girty was an adopted Wyandotte, and had many strong motives on the part to defend the scaling and torturing. Delays of their revenge would not only have exhausted him in itself, but in personal injury.

Joseph McCoshen, in an article on Girty in the *American Pioneer*, asserts that he gathered from the Wyandottes themselves that Girty offered a large sum of money to Pipe or Crawford, which the chief recommended to great friends, promptly replying:

"Sir, do you think I am a square? If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you and burn you along with the White Wolf."

Girty, knowing the Indian character, retorted sharply:

McCoshen also asserts that Girty had two reasons to Medican Creek and Lower Sandusky, where there were some white traders, to some immediately and buy Crawford off. The traders came but were too late. Crawford being then in the midst of his tortures.

He all this as it may, if any efforts were made in Crawford's behalf, he was totally indifferent. As the two prisoners moved along almost every Indian they met struck them with their bows or with sticks. Girty asked Knight if he was the doctor; Knight said yes, and extended his hand; upon which Girty called him a — rascal and bid him begone. And so he did his best to go to the other Indians.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COST OF CONTINENTAL ARMIES.

Colonel de Villiers, the head of the Swiss Legion, Austria, says that the number of men maintained in the various great Continental armies and the expenses involved. Adding such reserves as may naturally be summoned into the field, he makes the continental establishments not very far from \$6,000,000, or even \$8,000,000, to France, \$1,000,000 to Russia (including her Asiatic land forces as well as to be counted on for a moment in Europe), \$60,000 to Austria, and \$60,000 to Italy. Of this number, however, he admits that it would be difficult in practice to call out the whole even in the German Empire. At the same time, per man of those generally in the field, he estimates \$45 in Russia, \$45 in France, \$60 in Germany, \$35 in Italy, and only \$25 in Austria. But as his special object is to reconcile his countrymen to their own military system on military grounds, provided always that it be made a thoroughly efficient one, he has not been inclined to press the point, but the cost of the continental army (without leaders) of 100,000 men would, even at the low Austrian price of regulars, cost \$3,000,000 yearly, instead of a little over half a million. The colonel's general argument is that the shortening of the line-soldier's time with the colors in all armaments, and the saving of the cost of living in Switzerland between the two different systems leave much closer approximation than is generally allowed.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of language; he is not also the only one that deserves to be taught it?

A man may think he is nobly educated because he knows all possible faults and crimes—in himself.

THE WOODS.
In the woods when the young leaves budding
Whipped the spring time now,
With the spirit of light
And fancy's sky was clear;
Wrote the young bird's song
As the keeper that the heart held dear.
In the woods when the summer's glory
Was wreathed in light and shade,
Through each leaf enough
With full notes played;
With sweetest notes
Over the bush that faithfulness wears.
In the woods when the leaves were drooping
Down drooping by one, by one,
In autumnal cheer,
And drooping like the day is done;
And many a strife,
Sank down to the rest that have won.
In the woods when the winter heavy
Had spread his snowy pall
That is not lost,
Where the night does not fall;
Through the bushes bare,
And the heavens are over all.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERRE BOAN.
Author of "The Flower of the Plush,"
"Féerie;" or, "The Wonder of King-
wood Chase," "The First Love,"
etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SAPPHIRE AWA.

It was not without a certain degree of satisfaction, mingled with his contentment, that Harcourt found the boat leaping over the waves with the speed of a steamer.

The strange, spiti-like girl held the boat firmly in one hand and the other of the impulse in the other, and he could not help noticing the dexterity with which she applied the one to the requirements of the other.

But he saw that she observed the heating over of the boat, so the gun-wale was at times level with the water. He then got into the boat, and the spray of the waves started from the bow into the forecastle, with a stolid indifference and unconcern which displayed a most unfeeling absence of fear.

At the same time, it evinced an amount of practical knowledge of the dangers and difficulties by which they were surrounded, than in itself was remarkable. Nevertheless, in the boat he had come to trust his life to a bullet whistled past his head with unfeelinglessness, suggested that they should stand further out to sea so as to avoid the chances of being hit, even if accidentally.

The girl responded with a desire to have him go back to the Indians, notwithstanding his unfeelingness.

"Not," he added, as soon as he separated his grating teeth, "there was some token found with you. What was that?"

"Don't know," she returned. "No body told me what it was. Mother Milburne would not, and Deb Keyne, when she got home, told me she was a child of God, and came from another place. She always told me God loves me, and that she would send me with a riding whip till my arms and legs were like iron bars. She made me feel like a devil, and do all sorts of things. Then she called me devil's brat and sang psalms over me, for, oh! she was so religious, and whined and wriggled about me to death; but how she would sing and laugh when she was away from me."

"What?" he rejoined, with angry impatience. "We are in an inferno, and we must get over to-night, and to-morrow—yes, well, to-morrow. We shall see, I suppose."

Harcourt wiped some moisture from his brow, for his supernatural eyes seemed to have an unnatural light playing in them, and their last resource was a strange expression, as if a little reflection, six added, with a slow, deliberate emphasis:

"Perhaps I owe you as much as I do to Mother Milburne. Tell me, is your family really true?"

He let the burning, shameful blood rush up flame-like, to his cheeks and forehead, and make his ears tingle again.

"That is a question we will discuss by and by," he observed huskily.

"I only want to say that I have been taught to believe him an awful fiend, and don't think you look like a good man," said the girl, looking at him with a smile.

"Well, I'm not a bad man, but I'm not a good one," she added, with sudden decision.

"All the while he was musing the girl, in her turn, eyed him curiously and smilingly.

"What next? When we get ashore," she repeated, sharply and abruptly, after she had finished her naming of his features, "will you be ashamed of me and leave me again? You look as if you made a young lady of her?"

"If I had only known—if I could but have foreseen, still, she will be a thorn in my Lee's side. I'll take her and do the best I can with her," he added, with sudden decision.

"No we ain't," she interrupted, impatiently. "We are going straight for the Black Head yonder. We are now and then a bullet whistled past my head with unfeelinglessness, suggested that they should stand further out to sea so as to avoid the chances of being hit, even if accidentally.

The girl responded with a desire to have him go back to the Indians, notwithstanding his unfeelingness.

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"Don't know," she returned. "No body told me what it was. Mother Milburne would not, and Deb Keyne, when she got home, told me she was a child of God, and came from another place. She always told me God loves me, and that she would send me with a riding whip till my arms and legs were like iron bars. She made me feel like a devil, and do all sorts of things. Then she called me devil's brat and sang psalms over me, for, oh! she was so religious, and whined and wriggled about me to death; but how she would sing and laugh when she was away from me."

"What?" he rejoined, with angry impatience. "We are in an inferno, and we must get over to-night, and to-morrow—yes, well, to-morrow. We shall see, I suppose."

Harcourt wiped some moisture from his brow, for his supernatural eyes seemed to have an unnatural light playing in them, and their last resource was a strange expression, as if a little reflection, six added, with a slow, deliberate emphasis:

"Perhaps I owe you as much as I do to Mother Milburne. Tell me, is your family really true?"

He let the burning, shameful blood rush up flame-like, to his cheeks and forehead, and make his ears tingle again.

"That is a question we will discuss by and by," he observed huskily.

"I only want to say that I have been taught to believe him an awful fiend, and don't think you look like a good man," said the girl, looking at him with a smile.

"Well, I'm not a bad man, but I'm not a good one," she added, with sudden decision.

"All the while he was musing the girl, in her turn, eyed him curiously and smilingly.

"What next? When we get ashore," she repeated, sharply and abruptly, after she had finished her naming of his features, "will you be ashamed of me and leave me again? You look as if you made a young lady of her?"

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(Communications relating exclusively to the conduct of our domestic government, or to the personal condition, should be addressed to **Franklin Miller**, SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At the time appropriate for the usual summer excursions from city notes and due to country calm and government, or the freshness of the season or gaiety, the question of how far import that agitates the mind of the traveling family is, "How shall I arrange my wardrobe for this season?"

It is in reply to the many questions referred to, on this subject, that we propose offering in the present number a few suggestions relative to the important matter, and which, we trust, will meet the wants of at least two-thirds of the gentry for this season?

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The general practice among the more gentry is, from the "wise ones,"

who ought to know, certainly, that it will be an unusually variable one, no regard being given to the season or gaiety.

Scouts of the season, or gaiety, have appeared in the form of silver brocade. It is heavy white gros grain or faille, elaborately wrought all over in bouclettes, done in olive thread, by machine.

The very latest style of attire is to have a black and white striped suit,

black from the shoulder, arranging the black hair in a few Greek knot, held in place by a small Spanish comb of shell or jet.

Bridal slippers are now made of white satin embroidered in real or imitation pearls, according to the wealth of the wearer.

White tulle gowns, with almost imperceptible stripes or bars of a degree or two more of thickness, are very much affected by belles as "beauties."

Scouts of white crepe and lace trim, with Valenciennes lace, are to be seen in the evening to concerts, etc.

White tulle gowns are worked in Tur-

key red or sky blue, known to our connoisseurs.

Mrs. M. K. (Lexington, Ky.)—The blouse is made in camel's hair, serges, and other light woolen goods, are very fashionable both for young girls and older people. A pretty pattern is the sailor blouse with a plumed blouse waist, which in its present form over skirt and waist combined in one piece. We can furnish the pattern. No trouble to answer your question, large size, may be had from us again.

Miss ANNEHTA R.—We must pre-

sumed do you consider anything good

for such dresses?—veggiens, de-

bours, serges, and cheviot goods,

all shades of blue, green, etc., it is

now coming on array.

We think one is very safe in selecting

from the serviceable drabes and serges.

We will describe a very pretty suit in

two shades of drab—pale gray, and

green.

The underskirt, trimmed with a little

drab lace, has a band of ribbons at the bottom; above this a blue flounce of the lower, mostly gathered up; then

another flounce of gray, plaid.

The overskirt is of the lower, long, and apron-shaped; the front is slightly skirted, so that it is on each side of a band which is plied down the center of the front, and ornamented with alternating rows of gray and brown silk ribbons.

The back is in two pieces, which are

gracefully draped over the shoulders.

The plaid is plaid with a bullion fringe of mixed brown and gray wovens. The sleeves because of the lower, and has a positive back. The sleeves are of the gray, and are slightly skinned at the top, and have a small plaid cuff. The dress is done by Mrs. H. C. Miller, if the name is short, and the person is called to understand.

Another and very popular style of making such dresses is with the plaided waist, which may or may not have buckles ends. The fancy new is to have only three planks on each side of the front, and as many in the back, leaving a plain space under the waist, and giving a more graceful effect than when such a mass of drab were used. A draw-

string in the back, fastened by the belt, adjusted to the figure.

Another serviceable dress of this kind may be made of shepherd's plaid, which is shown in very pretty yellowed goods.

A black striped old dove-colored stockings, with a plaided waist, and a more cotton appearance produced.

Another description for cool weather is a white muslin, or Turkish toweling, or crumpled cambric, laid in a contrasting color or another shade.

There are no more popular suitable

for such made-up, than we can only

advise a selection of the one most suitable to the individual who desires it.

The women who would advise

a choice of materials—underwear

and pajamas, or, or also suits.

A variety of white linen and flannel shirts, which is also suitable.

By all means have one black dress

of a good one. Its value is not to be

highly rated, since it can be made to do

only in many occasions.

A black silk is also a necessity.

We have suggested many open style

for cool weather, we have from time to

time, in our catalogues.

Or, or two of the many pretty com-

fortable suits, which are now in bed for

the winter, will be found very fit

and a brown or dark blue silk

will do.

Two drabs a black homespun, made

in drab in deep colors, and an

imperial blue or dark blue.

This will look well over your

other clothes.

For men we suggest many open style

for cool weather, we have from time to

time, in our catalogues.

The men's suits, which are now in

bed for the winter, will be found very

fit and comfortable.

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